

“Next time he was in Hogsmeade, he decided, as he walked back up the stone steps into the castle, he was going to buy Dobby a pair of socks for every day of the year.”

“And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita.”

“Does such a thing as “the fatal flaw,” that showy dark crack running down the middle of a life, exist outside literature? I used to think it didn’t. Now I think it does. And I think that mine is this:  
a morbid longing for the picturesque at all costs.”

“How will I ever get out of this labyrinth!”

“So what’s the labyrinth? I asked her.”

“But even in the dark, I could see her eyes - fierce emeralds.”

“As you did back then, look me in the face, hold my gaze, and call me by your name.”

“There was always something abrupt about that word. It wasn’t “See you later” or “Take care, now,” or even “Ciao.” *Later!* was a chilling, slam-dunk salutation that shoved aside all our honeyed European niceties. *Later!*”

“But *Later!* was also a way of avoiding saying goodbye, of making light of all goodbyes. You said *Later!* not to mean farewell but to say you’d be back in no time.”



“Sometimes you lose a battle. But mischief always wins the war.”

“It’s not life or death, the labyrinth.”

“Um, okay. So what is it?”

“Suffering.”

*Deep in the meadow, under the willow  
A bed of grass, a soft green pillow  
Lay down your head, and close your sleepy eyes  
And when again they open, the sun will rise.*

“Maybe we’re not supposed to know all the answers. Questions are good. They’re better than answers.”

“No longer rooted, but gold, flowing. I feel a thousand capacities spring up in me.”

*O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;  
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earthy;  
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth  
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.  
She hath no questions, she hath no replies.*

“I’m not a religious person but I do sometimes think God made you for me.”

“It is now my favourite book of all time, but then again, I always think that until I read another book.”



*“Beauty plus pity, that is the closest we can get to art.”*

“I am nothing in my soul if not obsessive.”

“Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta.”

“Achilles, it reads. And beside it, Patroclus.”

“Go,” she says “He waits for you.”

“So I know she forgives me, just as I forgive her. Thomas Edison’s last words were: “It’s very beautiful over there.” I don’t know where there is, but I believe it’s somewhere, and I hope it’s beautiful.”

“One day he asks her point-blank: “Is it better to speak or to die?” I’d never even have the courage to ask such a question.”